

Holliday" arrived in a little typical New England town, one of those straight-laced villages which fondly imagines itself a model of virtue, but which, in reality, is a nest of shallowness and hypocrisy. He is a \$100 a week bartender, but is suddenly transformed into a temperance orator, with a dogged determination to make the "half-baked" village see the light.

Oh, no, "Hit-The-Trail Holliday" doesn't don a frock coat and piously exhort the people to desert the paths of hypocrisy—he preaches in New York slang, with a punch to every word, and he fights with his two fists. But—well, that would be telling the rest of the story. If you want to know all about the hilarious climax go to the Wilkes and you'll thoroughly enjoy watching "Hit-The-Trail Holliday" clean up things and also find a lot of happiness for himself.

George M. Cohan wrote the play—and everyone knows how clever and human his plays are. And the Wilkes Players are going to present it, which is a sure guarantee of artistic interpretation.

May Buckley and J. Anthony Smythe will be seen in the leading roles and will doubtless give delightful renditions, while the other Wilkes favorites also have most human and interesting parts.

Beginning tomorrow night "Hit-The-Trail Holliday" will play all week, with regular matinees Thursday and Saturday.

### "THERE WERE LIARS IN THOSE DAYS"

EARLY in a theatrical season which did not promise to go very well, there appeared a character, Bill Jones of "Lightnin'," who promised that: "If things don't go just right, I'll fix it." Frank Bacon acts Bill. With Winchell Smith he wrote the play. Between them they have fixed things very well. They have turned out a show that is one of the few outstanding successes of the season, and to the gallery of stage life they have added a new character.

Lightnin' Bill Jones, so called because of his lack of speed, is in his own imagination a resources person. Let it be mentioned that the youthful hero is about to be sued and Bill will fix things, for he was a judge once. He was an inventor, too. Yes, and a detective. He's still a good one and will help out. He knows about bees, for in the dead of winter he drove a swarm of them across the plains without losing a bee. He allows with becoming modesty that he was stung twice. When in the courtroom the young law student whispers a telling question, Bill, who is conducting his own case, says somewhat impatiently: "I was just goin' to." Then he asks it of the witness. Seeing his young friend studying Bill observes: "That's how I got my start."

Of course, back in '61 Bill was the first man to enlist. He shows his pen-

sion check rather proudly and then, pointing to the official signatures: "See all those names—Well, it ain't no good unless I sign it."

This self-confessed Jack of all trades is a failure. Shiftless, wandering over the hills, getting drunk with disreputable cronies and staying away for unexplained periods from the hotel which his wife runs, the lovable old liar (Frank Bacon and Winchell Smith are too wise to reform him) is really a new character. He has been said to suggest Rip Van Winkle. The resemblance does not go far. Both were drunkards. The wife of each told him to be on his way alone. (As a footnote, printed for the sake of novelty in the middle of a paragraph, we might add that Mr. Bacon will doubtless have the same difficulty in getting away from Lightnin' Bill that Jefferson did from Rip.) Really, Rip was not an American character. Bill Jones is necessarily so. He is a left-over from Civil war days. Here or there in the Soldiers' Homes in the west you will find Bill. Bret Harte knew him and he foreshadowed him in some of his minor characters. He was a left-over from the Gold Rush. He did not get in on the money, but he was there and somehow just missed out. Mr. Bacon's Bill knew all about the Gold Days of California; "he located more claims than anybody else." When cornered he confesses that he was not a forty-niner, but that the excitement went on for a long time afterward. But actually Bill Jones belongs to the sixties—the days when we had storytellers—the days of Artemus Ward and Petroleum V. Nasby.

There is not much the is new in this story of the hotel that was on the line between Nevada and California. Bill Jones and his wife could not make it a success till it was discovered that an appeal could be made to divorcees. They might have their mail sent to California and live for six months on the Nevada side. This is the background in which we and Bill, his wife, his adopted daughter and the good young man who is studying how to get back at the villains for robbing him of his valuable property. When Bill refuses to sign the papers that will enable his wife to place the hotel and the surrounding acres in the hands of the villains, she demands that he leave her. Bill does and from the Nevada side of the hotel she starts action for a divorce. In the courtroom Bill defends himself and with the aid of the good young man shows up the villains. There is a reconciliation all round. Bill's wife kisses him. Probably for the first time in years. He isn't exactly happy over it. The good young man marries Bill's adopted daughter.

Frank Bacon found Bill first at the Mare Island navy yard where he was hanging about, just talking. The real Bill had a fund of stories. They made him appear to advantage. He had never amounted to anything, but it mattered little to him. He had a past that grew and thrived as he talked of it. To those who would listen he told stories. Frank Bacon was a sympathetic audience and his seeming credulity and his interest challenged

the narrator to outdo himself. This Bill had been to the Civil war, and while he won neither promotion nor distinction, he did get to know General Grant pretty well and on one occasion was on hand to give him invaluable counsel. But at his best of fancy he did not evolve the famous bee story. The idea of that came from a small-town North California street-sweeper who styled himself a department of street-cleaning.—Karl Schmidt in Everybody's Magazine.

## WILKES

### All Week OPENING TONIGHT

George M. Cohan's Rollicking  
Comedy

## Hit-The-Trail Holliday

Presented by the Wilkes Players  
with May Buckley and J. Anthony Smythe.

Matinees Thursday and Saturday  
2:30. Prices 15c, 25c, boxes  
50c.

Every Night 8:15. Prices 15c,  
25c, 35c, 50c, boxes 75c.

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On Broadway

An all-star bill. Lots of dainty choristers of stunning garb—laughs every minute—brimming over with the latest music. It's a show that everyone will chuckle over.

### "OH, THAT MELODY"

A miniature comic opera, garnished with laughs galore and lots of dainty maidens.

MANNING, FEELY &  
KNOWLES  
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MR. AND MRS. NORMAN  
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EDDIE FITZPATRICK  
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10c, 15 and 25c. Night prices,  
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MAY BUCKLEY, WHO WILL BE SEEN IN GEORGE M. COHAN'S SUCCESS, "HIT-THE-TRAIL HOLLIDAY," WHICH WILL OPEN TOMORROW NIGHT AT THE WILKES